Vol. IV. NO. 18.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

Weekly Register.

PRINTED BY JOHN W. SCOTT, *No. 27, BANK-STREET, (Back of No. 73, CHESNUT-STREET)*
Where Subscriptions, and Literary Communications, will be thankfully received.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1804.

Friendship put to the Test.

From the French of MARMONTEL.

[*translated by a young lady.*]

(continued)

"AH this is reviving, this is talking reason."

"But though it be very pleasing to me to be what you think the most dear in the world, it is what I have no pretensions to, and ought not even to consent to."

"Alas! now I do not understand you."

"When my friend committed you to my care, was he not dear to you?"

"He is so still."

"Would you not have been happy to have been his wife?"

"I believe I should."

"Did you love any one in the world as much as him?"

"I did not know you."

"Blandford, your protector, the depositary and guardian of your virtue, in loving you has a right to be loved."

"His kind offices are always present to my mind; I honour him as a second father."

"Well then let me tell you, that he resolves to unite you to him by a tie still more engaging, than that of kind offices. He has entrusted me with the half of himself, and aspires only to the happiness of being your husband on his return."

Corally, being now calm, rejoined, "Is this then the obstacle which separates us? Be easy, it is removed."

"How?"

"Never, never, I solemnly protest, will I be Blandford's wife."

"It must be so."

"It is impossible, Blandford himself shall confirm it."

"What! One who received you from the hands of a dying parent, and has always treated you with all the tenderness of a father?"

"Under that sacred title I revere Blandford; but he must not expect more."

"You are then resolved to make him miserable?"

"I have resolved to deceive no one. Had I given my hand to Blandford and were Nelson to demand my life, I would give my life to Nelson; I should be perjured with respect to Blandford."

"What do you say?"

"What I should say to Blandford himself: And why should I be guilty of dissimulation? Is it in my power to love or not?"

"Alas! How criminal do you make me"

"You! In what manner? for being amiable in my eyes? Indeed Heaven disposes of us as it pleases. It is Heaven that has given Nelson those graces, those virtues, which enchant me; it is that which has given me this soul, which it has formed expressly for him. If it were known, it is full of him. How impossible it is to love any one but you, or no one like you!—Alas! let them never talk to me of living, if I am not to live for you?"

"But that is the very thing which makes me distracted. What right has not my friend to load me with the most grievous reproaches?"

"He! What reason has he for complaining? What is he the worse? What have you robbed him of? I love Blandford as a tender father. I love Nelson as myself. These sentiments are not incompatible. If Blandford has placed me in your hands as a deposit, which was his property, it is not you, it is he that is unjust."

"Alas! It is I who oblige you to reclaim from him that treasure I rob him of. It would be his if it were not mine; and the guardian of it the very person that steals it."

"No, my friend, do yourself justice. I was my own, I am now your's. I only had the disposal of my person, and I have given myself to you. In attributing to friendship the rights it cannot claim, it is you that are guilty of usurpation; and you make yourself an accomplice in the violence they are guilty of towards me."

"He, my dear; he guilty of violence to you?"

"But where's the difference whether he does it himself, or you do it for him? Am I treated the less like a slave? You are both intrerested alike: But if any other person but your friend should endeavour to keep me in slavery, would you not think it a glory to make me free? It is only then for the sake of friendship that you give up the rights of nature! What did I say? both nature and love. Nelson, has not love its right likewise? Is there no law among you in favour of susceptibility? Is it just, is it generous to oppress, to distract a lover, and to rend, without compunction, a heart whose only crime is that of loving you?"

Her sighs prevented her from continuing her address; and Nelson, who found her almost choaked with them, had not even time enough to call his sister to her assistance. He hastened to untie the ribbands, which rather confined her bosom: And immediately every charm, which youth can boast of in its bloom, was unveiled to the sight of this

passionate lover. The shivering which seized him rendered him at first motionless; but after the Indian, having recovered her spirits, and feeling herself clasped in his arms, thrilled with joy, and opening her fine languishing eyes, she sought for those of Nelson. "Ye heavenly powers," said he, "support me; my virtue seems to have deserted me! Live, my dear Corally!"

"You would wish me to live, Nelson, you would wish me to love you!"

"No; I should violate all the ties of friendship, and be perjured. I should be unworthy of beholding the light, unworthy of seeing my friend any more! Alas! he forewarned me of this; I would not deign to believe him. I presumed too much on my own strength. Have pity, Corally, have pity on the heart which you rend to pieces. Suffer me to leave you, and conquer myself."

"Oh! do you then wish my death," said she, falling at his knees in a fit. Nelson, who thought the object of his love was expiring, rushed to embrace her, and restraining himself on seeing Juliette, "Sister," said he, "lend her your assistance; it is I who ought to die." As he pronounced these words he withdrew.

"Where is he?" said Corally, when she opened her eyes. "What have I done to him? Why do you recall me to life?"

Her grief redoubled, when she was informed that Nelson was just gone; but reflection furnished her with some small hope and courage. The concern and tenderness which Nelson could not conceal from her; the fear with which she saw him agitated, the tender expressions which escaped from him, and the violence he was obliged to exert to overcome himself, and leave her, all conspired to persuade, that she was beloved by him.

"If it be true," said she, "I am happy. Blandford will return, and I will confess all to him: He is too just, and too generous, to tyrannize over me."—But this illusion was soon dissipated.

Nelson received in the country a letter from his friend, announcing his return, "I hope," said he, in the conclusion of his letter, "to find myself, within three months, united to all that I love. Forgive me, my friend, if I share my heart between you and the amiable, the tender Corally. My soul was, for a long time, solely thine; at present it is divided. I have entrusted thee with the best, the sweetest of my wishes; and I have seen friendship applauded by love. My happiness depends on both of them: It is my happiness to think, that by thy care, as well as thy sister's, I shall see my dear pupil again with a mind adorned with new improvements, a soul enriched with new virtues, more amiable, if it were possible, and more disposed to love me. It will be to me the purest happiness to possess her as one of your greatest benefits."

"Read this letter," said Nelson, in one which he wrote to his sister, "and make Corally read it likewise. What a lesson is this for her! What a reproach is it to me?"

"It is determined," said Corally, after perusing it; "I will never be Nelson's; but yet never expect that I should be another's. The liberty of loving him is a right that I will never part with."—This resolution supported her; and Nelson, in his retirement, was by far more unhappy than her.

"By what fatality," said he, "does that which constitutes the charms of nature, and the delight of all hearts the happiness of being beloved, prove my torment? What do I say? *To be beloved!* that is nothing: but to be beloved by one whom I love! To be on the verge of happiness! to have nothing, but to give up myself to it:—Alas! all that I can do, is to fly; inviolable, and sacred friendship requires no more. In what a condition have I seen this child! in what a condition have I abandoned her! She has reason to say, that she is a slave to my duty. I have sacrificed her as a victim, and I am generous at her expense. There are some virtues then which wound nature; and to act with honour, we are sometimes obliged to be unjust and cruel. O! my friend, mayest thou gather the fruits of the efforts which it costs me; enjoy the blessing which I resign to thee; and live happily by my misfortune. Yes, heaven is my witness, it is my desire that she would love thee! and the most poignant of all my pains is, that of doubting the success of my wishes."

It is impossible for nature to support itself in so violent a condition. Nelson, after long conflicts, wished for repose—but, alas! there was no repose for him. His constancy was at last exhausted; and his despairing soul sunk into a mortal languor. The weakness of his reason, the mutability of his virtue, the idea of a life full of trouble and grief, the void state of annihilation into which his soul would fall, if he ceased to love Corally, the unremitting evils which would be the consequence of his continuing to love her, and above all the shocking idea of seeing, of envying and perhaps of hating a rival in the person of his faithful friend, all conspired to render his life a torment, every thing urged him to abridge the course of it. Stronger motives restrained him. It was not a part of Nelson's creed, that a man, a citizen, had a right to dispose of himself. He made it a law himself to live, content to be unhappy, providing he could still be of use to the world; but devoured with uneasiness and grief, and rendered, as it were, insensible to every thing.

(to be continued)

THE ANXIETIES OF

IRRESOLUTION.

THERE is not a more miserable state of the soul, than a state of irresolution, or a sort of constant vibration betwixt two opposite schemes, meditating upon both, without courage to fix upon either. While a person is in this situation, there can be neither calmness nor felicity; the animal spirits are in violent agitation, and the head and heart both ache sympathetically. SPORALIA was a time doubtful whether to live single, or to venture upon a husband. To wed, or not to wed, was the question. She was one of your speculating ladies; and therefore it was a more arduous point of contemplation. She weighed the matter on all sides, and yet finding difficulties and conveniencies blended with blessings *every way*, she remained doubtful and anxious—"If, (says she) I continue as I now am, I must remain contented without the dearest pleasures of human society. The tenderness and protection of a man, are sources of equal joy and happiness; a life without love, is a state betwixt breathing and annihilation. The friendship of women is uncertain and unsatisfactory; the friendship of married people of a more exalted nature, and shields us from feeling the wounds of adversity; or at worst they are reciprocated, and in that reciprocation are divided. On the other hand, it may possibly happen, that by changing, I may alter my condition for the worse: I may have a cross husband, children to torment me, my little fortune may be squandered away by a careless man, who, after having exhausted his property and

mine, may find a means to insult and leave me, Oh Heaven! I shudder at the prospect."

While SPORALIA was indulging herself in these soliloquies, two young Gentlemen of her acquaintance came to visit her; one of them was the son of a tradesman, the other was heir to a handsome fortune. The youths were opposite to each other in point of talents and temper. AGANTHUS, the citizen's son, was very vain, very dissipated, and very personable: THURON, the man of fortune, was ugly, deformed, and a fox-hunter; yet both these young fellows privately had made overtures to the *money* and beauty of the lady. And now new doubts arose "Which of these young men (said she) shall I fix upon? I must make hay while the sun shines. If I stay unwedded much longer, it will be too late even for gold to buy me a companion: I am upon the borders of thirty-three; my eyes begin to lose their brilliance; my cheeks are less blooming, and my complexion already wears the yellow stamp of antiquated virginity.—Now then for it: now or never is the time to be married." She hesitated a great while between the advances of these young Gentlemen.—She weighed the whole affair, as usual, in the scales of Prudence, Policy, and Passion; yet still it was impossible for her to resolve: sometimes she inclined to the Tradesman, sometimes to the Fox-hunter. Now and then the match with either appeared so much upon the equilibrium, poising this thing against that thing, she was quite in a puzzle; and it was an even toss-up, or cast of the die, *which* she should take to her arms. Her mind all this time was tortured by indeterminate positions, and she wasted in this lavish manner her youth, and health and happiness, without concluding upon any thing. Mean while the young Lovers became wearied with fruitless encouragements, and idle solicitations; she still kept them in play, and still designed to chuse agreeably to the dictates of Reason. At last, the grey hair began to betray the real date of SPORALIA's birth; the wrinkle made a long line or two in her forehead; the teeth were hastening to decay, and constant inquietude of mind had a good deal emaciated her person. The Lovers happened to call one morning at the same time, and entered her apartment rather too abruptly; when lo! the locks of the fair appeared without the assistance of powder, the cheeks were as pale as Care had made them, without the artful ornament of caution; her complexion was—But enough—The Lovers came, saw, and wished her good morning. Read Ladies, and tremble. Too much circumspection is as pernicious as too little, and perhaps worse than none at all.

CELEBRATION OF MAY DAY,

IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

THE month of May is every year ushered in with a ceremony which has something in the design of it pretty enough. In most of the great parishes, they choose from among the daughters of the farmers a young maid, the queen of the May; she is dressed in the gayest manner, and is attended by twenty others, as maids of honor: She has also a young man, who is her captain, and a number of inferior officers. In opposition to her is the queen of Winter; a man dressed in woman's clothes, with woollen hoods, fur tippets, and the warmest habits one upon another. In this manner are her attendants dressed; and she has also a captain and troop for her defence—each party equipped as emblems of the beauty of Spring and the deformity of Winter. One party is preceded by violins and flutes; the other with the rough music of tongs and cleavers. Both companies march till they meet on a common, and then their trains have a mock engagement. If the queen of Winter's forces get the better, so as to take the queen of May prisoner, she is ransomed for what pays the expences of the day. After the ceremony, Winter and her company retire, and divert themselves in a barn; and the others remain on the green, when, having danced a considerable time, they conclude the evening with a feast—the queen with her maids at one table, and the captain with his troop, at another.

THE POWERS OF IMAGINATION.

[*By the Marquis D'Argenson.*]

THE imagination is a quality of the soul, not only a brilliant but a happy one, for it is more frequently the cause of our happiness than of our misery, it presents us with more pleasures than vexations, with more hopes than fears. Men of dull and heavy dispositions, who are not affected by any thing, vegetate and pass their lives in a kind of tranquillity, but without pleasure or delight; like animals which see, feel, and taste nothing but that which is under their eyes, paws, or teeth; but the imagination, which is proper to man, transports us beyond ourselves, and makes us taste future and the most distant pleasures. Let us not be told, that it makes us also foresee evils, pains and accidents, which will perhaps never arrive; it is seldom that imagination carries us to these panic fears, unless it be deranged by physical causes. The sick man seeks dark phantoms, and has melancholy ideas; the man in health has no dreams but such as are agreeable; and as we are more frequently in a good than a bad state of health, our natural state is to desire, to hope and to enjoy. It is true that the imagination, which gives us some agreeable moments, exposes us when once we are undeceived, to others which are painful. There is no person but wishes to preserve his life, his health, and his property; but the imagination represents to us our life a thing which ought to be very long; our health established and unchangeable; and our fortune inexhaustible; when the two latter of these illusions cease before the former, we are much to be pitied.

Trifles.

"WHAT lazy fellows bricklayer's laborers are!" said a loitering Irish footman to his master. "How do you know?" was the reply. "Because," answered the Irishman, "when you bade me run with a card to Lady L——, I *stood* and watched one of them, and he was half an hour a going up a ladder!"

A LADY of sixty and a young woman of seventeen, lately presented themselves with their paramours at Gretna Green. "Hold, hold," said their Matrimonial *Vulcan* to the Virgin, "you are young, and can wait a little; I see your *grandmother* is impatient, let me put on *her fetters first.*"

Repartee—A Counsel, not long since, in cross-examining a witness, asked him, among other questions,—"where he was on a particular day?—to which he replied, he was in company with two friends.—"Friends!" exclaimed the Counsel, "two thieves I suppose you mean."—"They may be so," replied the witness, "for they are both *Lawyers.*"

AN ORIGINAL TALE—BY ADELIO.
(continued)

A

JOURNEY TO PHILADELPHIA;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF

CHARLES COLEMAN SAUNDERS.

THE day of trial came; I was conducted to the bar of the supreme court; the eyes of hundreds were upon me; the usual question was asked, "*Are you guilty? or not guilty?*" I replied with firmness "Not guilty!" when the charge was read, and I was accused of drowning a young woman, by forcibly pushing her into the river *Susquehanna!* A smothered groan was heard from the audience; it was not excited by an emotion of pity for me, but was a proof of their detestation of the author of so shocking a deed; I did not blame it, it was honorable to their feelings, and evinced the rectitude of their hearts. I now found to my surprise, I was tried for the murder of her whose life I would gladly have saved, and whose unfortunate end I thought no eye, save mine, had witnessed; it now appeared, some others had witnessed it besides me, but who, and why I was charged with the crime, were circumstances, to me, inexplicable. The witnesses now appeared, but guess, if you can, my sensations, when the first I saw, was (CARNELL) the same dreadful being I had seen in my brother's chamber, I shuddered; my heart beat tremulously in my bosom; my sight grew dim, and I almost fainted; the spectators seemed to consider my emotion a proof of my guilt, but they were mistaken. The trial continued, and new sources of indescribable astonishment and wonder were every moment displayed. The substance of the evidence was as follows,—"That I had planned and effected the death of SUSAN WARFIELD; I had been heard to say, I would destroy her, by any means in my power; that, knowing she frequented the scene of her death, I had laid in ambush (armed) to effect my purpose, and had been seen by the evidence (who were fishing at a little distance, though in a situation which precluded all possibility of rendering assistance) to push her forcibly into the water, where there was little probability of her escaping:" All this was new to me, so far from planning her death, I had scarcely known her, she had consequently never given me any cause of offence, I was certainly ignorant of the visits of any one but myself to the spot I had chosen for my nocturnal seat; the exertion I had made to save her, might, it was true, be mistaken for a different one, by persons who had seen the transaction from a distance; but that it should be said, I had declared my intention to destroy her, and that I had concealed myself to effect this purpose, was really astonishing: But the witnesses were sufficient, respectable, positive and uniform in their depositions; I had nothing to offer in my defence but the truth, but who would give credit to the relation of one, who stood convicted of so foul a crime, who had secretly left his native home, had entered the city in a manner not ill calculated to excite suspicion, had concealed his true name and passed under a different one (CHARLES COLEMAN) and betrayed evident marks of guilt and confusion, at the sight of his accusers.—Had I said,—I had seen CARNELL offering violence to EMILIA, had rescued her from his grasp; had seen him in my brother's chamber armed with a dagger, at midnight, &c. would my tale have been credited? No, I had no proofs to offer; I had informed no person, not even my brother of what I had seen. I believed all attempts at defence would prove entirely useless, and therefore forbore to make any. I thought it better to meet my fate, dreadful and ignominious as it was, with manly firmness and unyielding fortitude; my story would be treated as the last effort of despairing villainy and impotent malice. The Judge addressed the jury in a solemn and impressive manner; they retired, and in a short time, returned with the expected virdict, "*guilty!*" They had done their duty, I had no cause to complain, the evidence was sufficient to condemn me; and had I been appointed to judge a similiar cause I should have acted in the same manner; I listened to my sentence with calmness and composure, and was reconducted for the last time, to the prison. Thus, I have given you a faithful and exact account of my adventures.—I shall now shortly suffer an ignominious death: the world in general believe me guilty; but the time may come, when what is now hidden from human eyes, will be disclosed,—and then, my friend, when the grave shall hide me from the world, you, I trust, will do justice to my memory.

* * * * *

THUS ended the story of this unfortunate young man, it was told with the greatest apparent sincerity, and my heart became deeply interested in his fate. I was astonished at the calmness with which he supported his misfortunes; he was endowed with the keenest sensibility, and even timidity of disposition; his courage had probably never been awakened by danger, or perhaps was of that kind, which, though unequal to the encounter of sudden and alarming attacks, gathered strength by reflection; those who best know the various shades of character which distinguish mankind, know, that there are persons of weak and delicate constitutions, who tremble at the slightest agitation, while their minds remain firm and undaunted, who, if they have time for reflection, meet danger with an undaunted front: Thus it appeared in the present case, here reflection seemed to have inspired a contempt of death in its most terrified and disgraceful form, in the mind of this young man; yet there were moments, when his tranquillity was disturbed, when the images of his father, his friends, and above all, his EMILIA presented themselves to his imagination: EMILIA loved him with the tenderest affection, which even his misfortunes, (for she believed him guiltless) were unable to alienate; yet, for him she was doomed to suffer all the evils, flowing from disappointed love, and the cruel taunts of a misjudging world; these causes interrupted his quiet far more than his own misfortunes; "my pain," said he, "will shortly end; death will lull it to rest; but, for them, an ample store of anguish is collected, which time alone can mitigate."—Some pressing affairs obliging me to hasten to Europe, I bade him an eternal *adieu!* The day of his execution was at hand, which my departure alone spared me the pain of witnessing.—

(to be continued)

For the Philadelphia Repository.

JUVENIS SERENUS.—No. X.

From *vice*, or *virtue*, admiration springs;
The former, *shame*, the latter, *honor* brings.

THE desire of admiration, which, in some degree, is characteristic of every person, is a principle of our nature truly unconquerable; whether it be a vice, or a virtue, perhaps it may be difficult to determine; yet we cannot deny that it

is as often productive of good to society as the contrary.

When discovered in the conduct of a virtuous man, it is productive of the most exalted sentiments, and calls into exercise the powers of the soul with all the energy of which virtue in itself is possessed, and we are constrained to hold in veneration the man, because we admire his acts ;—there is a sublimity displayed, which has such powerful influence on the minds of men, that whatsoever is lovely and of good report, is held sacred in the estimation even of the most vicious.

To contrast the effects of that admiration, which is the result of practical virtue, with the short-lived fame which is sometimes attached to enormity in its opposite, will add such brilliance to the former, as totally to eclipse the glory of the latter.

The malicious breath of scandal may cast a mist over the beauties of honest fame, but cannot injure its intrinsic excellence—it will (like the sun from behind a cloud) burst forth in the effulgent lustre of its nature, causing calumny to wither beneath its fervid beams, whilst it triumphs in its own incomparable splendor.

If 'tis from *virtue* man derives his fame,
No envious slander can detract his name;
Tho' fiends malign may scatter poisons round,
And Malice her defaming trumpet sound,—
Tho' dæmons league and pointed arrows flit,
Securely shielded shall their object sit—
Unhurt—protected by a pow'r divine,
Emit its beams—in its own glory shine;
Whilst pallid *vice*, unequal to the sight,
Shall sink, abash'd in everlasting night.

SERENUS.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

COMMUNICATION.

MR. SCOTT,

AS some of your correspondents have displayed to the eyes of your readers the dark side of the matrimonial picture, and depicted marriage in the darkest colours which their unsocial souls could mix with expression; as they have written much and proven nothing, but on the contrary exposed the futility of all the arguments which they could produce in favour of celibacy, I hope we shall not again be disturbed by the discordant theme from their *unfeathered* quills. Much has been said, and I am confident, Mr. Scott, much more might yet be said, in support of that essential barrier against vice and immorality—that divine ordinance which has been so often sophistically attacked:—Permit me here, to offer your readers a beautiful, and just profile of this happy state, by that much admired author, Mr. POPE:

"No happiness on earth can be so great, nor any friendship so tender, as the state of matrimony affords, when two congenial souls are united; the mental and personal love can never be separated; the man all truth, the woman all tenderness; he possessed of a cheerful solidity, she of a rational gaiety. Acknowledging his superior judgment, she complies with all his reasonable desires; whilst he, charmed with repeated instances of superior love, endeavours to suit his requests to her inclinations: His home is his heaven upon earth, and she his good genius, ever ready to receive him with open arms, and a heart dilated with joy. How happy must such a mutual confidence make them!

All then is full, possessing and possest,
No craving void left aching in the breast;
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart:
This sure is bliss!———"

The observations of this elegant writer, need no better support, than that which they will most readily receive, the acquiescence of every heart susceptible of the most refined pleasures.

MARCELLUS.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

FEMALE CORPS DE RESERVE.

MR. SCOTT,

THE following is an extract from the prologue to a new play lately brought forward on the London stage, entitled "*the Soldier's Daughter.*"—The idea of a female *corps de reserve*, was started a few years ago in America; it however did not so far succeed as to produce any permanent arrangements, the daughters of Britania have proceeded with more success and assigned to each class its proper station in the contemplated amazonian army:—

"While glory animates each mortal nerve,
Should British women from the contest swerve?
No———
We'll form a *female army of reserve*;
And *class* them thus—Old maids are *pioneers*—
Widows, *sharp-shooters*—Wives are *fuzileers*;
Maids form *batalions*, that's all under twenty,
And as for *light troops*, we have them in plenty!
Vixens the *trumpet blow*, Scolds beat the *drum*,
When thus prepared, what enemy dare come?
Those eyes that even Britons could enslave,
Would serve to light poor Frenchmen to their grave;
We'll humble France—since British women can
A *firelock* handle, as they do a *fan!*"

This prologue was spoken by Mrs. JORDAN, amid the reiterated plaudits of a numerous audience. CORVIN.

THE FATE OF TYRANNY:

AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

[*Translated from Sadi, the Persian Poet.*]

ALMET, one of the ancient Kings of Persia, pillaging his subjects of their properties, and exercising every sort of injustice over them, obliged his people to abandon their native country, and seek an asylum among strangers. The kingdom of Persia became a kind of desert and barren, for want of hands to cultivate the earth. In the mean time, it was attacked by foreign enemies: 'Those who cry for succour in affliction,' say the wise, 'ought to have acquired friends in the time of prosperity.' One day, as this Tyrant was reading in the presence of his Visir, the History of the Fall of the King of Duhac, and the succession of Feridon to the royalty, the Visir said, 'Feridon had neither city, nor castle, nor treasury, nor soldiers, how has he then effected this revolution?' 'The majority of the people,' replied the King, 'were in his interest, as you have heard, and offered him the Throne.' 'And, if royalty is to be acquired and maintained by the assistance of the people,' said the Visir, 'how came you to chace away your subjects by oppression? It is better to reign in the affections of your people, than by an armed force. A King should protect his subjects from injustice, but you seem to consider royalty only as the means of oppression. A wolf cannot be a shepherd. The King who oppresses his subjects saps the foundation of his Throne, and may be compared to the owl, who delights only in ruins.'

This discource displeased the Tyrant, who in his rage, ordered the Visir to be beheaded.

Some time after, another branch of the Royal family asserted their right to the Crown. The people who had fled their country supported the claim, and that with so much ardour, that they chaced the Tyrant from his dominons, and changed the line of succession.

A King who knowingly permits injustice may be said to love his enemies, as he certainly puts himself in their power; whereas he, who by just government conciliates the affections of his people, may defy the malice of his opponents. To a good King every subject is a soldier.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

COMMUNICATION.

"Whoever thinks a perfect piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, ne'er is, nor e'er can be."

MR. SCOTT,

I AM much surprised, at seeing, instead of a confutation of my arguments, the whole production disjointed, one sentence torn from another, the sense separated; and the strenuous 'Advocate for Matrimony,' after doing this, come forward, asserting that there is neither connection nor use in it; and, after many pains has found out different significations for words, by that means endeavouring to avoid answering the several objections made to his piece. To attempt to defend the meaning of words, would produce almost an endless controversy, I shall therefore let them pass, as every candid person will give them a proper meaning if Mr. Critic is not able. However, Sir, I will sound his piece to see whether *it* is *completely* perfect.

After some fruitless preamble he says "I ought not to have written to please logicians, as the greater number of your readers are not acquainted with logic"—A fine compliment to them, indeed Mr. Scott; but how does he know they are not? has he a knowledge of the information of each of them? To use a vulgar but pertinent phrase, I suppose—"He measures other people's corn by his own bushel."

Then he asks, "Can a wife be virtuous and chaste, and not really be so?" The only fault he can find with this, is a redundancy of words, and not an improper one, for the word *really* adds more weight, and is more impressive than the bare assertion. As well might he make animadversions on that passage, in holy writ—"There is none that doeth good, no not one;" why does not his inquisitive pen say, there is no utility in "no not one," if there be none, there surely, "is not one" but it is necessary that repetitions should sometimes take place, "excellent Critic!!"

Then he breaks out in a rhapsodical strain "O L'AMI! O L'AMI!—try, if possible, to write sense," strange absurdity! if not possible why need I try? Again he says, "his next sentence is not finished," palpable contradiction! if not finished, how can it be a sentence? But take notice—the latin lines complete it. O ADVOCATE! O ADVOCATE! try to improve in your criticism.

He goes on, "his conclusion is—Let us omit marrying until we can get a virtuous wife, and I fear we will never leave a state of celibacy,"—this brings to his memory an anecdote of a little boy who said "dear sir, is not my aunty a fool, &c." how does this apply, Mr. Scott? we may, perchance, get a virtuous wife, the first time we marry; but we never can swim the first time we go into the water: he would lead us to suppose, by his anecdote, that we must marry as many times before we get a virtuous wife, as we must enter the water before we can swim. I certainly know that a "woman is never termed a wife until married," nothing have I said to the contrary; when we marry, we get a wife, of course we marry a wife. "Strict Observer!!"

That I am no logician, was granted, it was an axiom, impossible to be demonstrated, yet he says I have done it: "that he is not, remains to be proven," I believe this is an axiom too. Farther, I hope he will explain this sentence "we have something like argument, though very futile." If it be something like argument, it cannot be argument, how silly would it be to say "A Critic is something like a Critic" when it is the identical thing itself? if then there be no argument, what does the adjective *futile* agree with?—complete gramarian! does not know that a quality must have some property to be united with.

Lastly,—Individual happiness is what every man aims at; but different are there thoughts concerning the acquisition of it; and various are their means of attaining it. One man may be happy with a wife, another have no inclination to marry; the latter thinks the marriage state would be a bar to his felicity, since he already enjoys peace in a life of celibacy, that is, in a life of peace of mind, according to *his* ideas he will be miserable! —futile reasoning!

I am much obliged to him for his recommendation of those books, and hope I shall profit by the advice; but will expect the same attention from him if I propose STERNE's "Cant of Criticism," for his perusal.

L'AMI.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. SCOTT,

By giving the following a place, you will perhaps oblige more than the author.

FRIENDLY ADVICE
TO YOUNG CORRESPONDENTS

YOUNG FRIENDS,

NO productions yield me so much pleasure in the Repository as your juvenile essays: You thereby demonstrate that you are possessed of a laudable ambition, that you have forsaken the bower of indolence where so many of our modern youths so inattentively saunter, and that ye are not attracted by soothing pleasure to forsake the path of improvement.

Your country, even by some who were born in it, is stiled *Gothic*, we are said by them to possess no taste for the polite arts, while the inhabitants of other countries are praised to the skies: It ought therefore to be your constant study to prove to the world that such men are slanderers, that the Genius of America is at least equal to that of Europe, and that our youth are as ambitious to acquire honest fame as those of any other clime.

The means of acquiring wisdom are certainly within your reach; the only power you have to overcome is self. To write well, on any subject, it is true, is very difficult; yet this difficulty may be surmounted by reading carefully good authors, by dilligence and application.

It is a great loss to our youth, that in our seminaries of learning they are not much accustomed to composition; something of this kind ought to be done, if not daily, at least every week; and the errors should be pointed out in the most careful manner.—If this were the case, our young essay writers, who have read a course of Latin and Greek, would deliver their sentiments without committing errors that would disgrace a boy reading his rudiments who was well instructed.—

If the following rules may be of any use to you, your friend shall be sufficently rewarded.

1. Chuse a subject with which you are well acquainted; than this, nothing can be of more importance; for how is it possible for you to write intelligibly on a subject you do not well understand?—Though this rule is abundantly evident, yet we see it daily transgressed; we find young men attempting to write poetry who are utterly unacquainted with its

laws; and others writing prose, who know little more of their subject than its general name: therefore—

2. When you have selected a subject read some approved author on it, and then, having become acquainted with its nature, you are prepared for writing on it: for this exercise we have an invaluable collection in the Spectator, whose stile is neat, nervous and pleasing.

3. In giving your sentiments, be very careful to use every word in its most approved meaning, for this purpose, I would recommend the constant perusal of Johnson's dictionary, the examples will be found to the student an invaluable treasure: And let it be remembered, that if this rule be not most tenaciously observed you will never attain to an approved stile of writing.

4. Whatever character you assume in the beginning, must be supported through the whole, whether it be Will Honeycomb, or Roger de Coverly, Yorick, or Uncle Toby,—all must be in character. Permit me here to make an observation or two on our friend PROTEUS. This young author, (for young he certainly is) has, in his essays displayed a considerable share of invention and much goodness of heart, he has levelled his shafts against the vices of mankind, and therefore deserves approbation; but, in his two last numbers he has sunk much from his former pitch of excellence—nay, in the last, has entirely forgotten his character! PROTEUS must remember, that as long as he writes under that title, he must never lay aside his invisibility, and must never forget that he is *Omnia Videns*. *(to be continued)* M. N.

ANECDOTES.

PLATO defined man, an animal of two feet, without feathers. His disciples applauded this definition, but Diogenes, (the Cynic) in reply, carried into the school of the philosopher, a cock which he had deprived of his feathers, saying "*See here the man of Plato.*"

OF THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

IT is well known, card-playing and hunting are two of the most usual diversions of a court: but Frederick, whose chief pleasure was to improve his mind, disliked both, particularly the latter. His opinion respecting this kind of amusement is recorded in the following words, which reflect new lustre on his noble character: "Hunting, says he, is a diversion that puts the body in violent motion; but leaves the mind a void. It is an unfeeling passion to chace a poor animal, and a most cruel joy to kill it. We men are often more ferocious than savage beasts; and are apt to abuse the power which the great Creator of all has given us over them, in a tyrannical manner.

The only distinction between man and brute, is reason; but our great sportsmen care for nothing besides horses, dogs, and the poor animals, the innocent victims of their pleasure. This naturally renders them cruel and hard hearted; and makes us afraid of similar usage towards mankind—for whoever is fond of torturing a poor dumb creature, can never feel any real compassion for the fate of his fellows. Hunting, in general, is not a commendable diversion for a sensible man. It would not be reasonable to exclude a monarch from earthly amusements; but what can give a sovereign greater pleasure, than to govern well; to make his dominions flourish; and to promote the success of arts and sciences, by yielding them proper assistance. The monarch who delights in other pleasures is really to be pittied."

OPINIONS

RESPECTING THE INVASION OF ENGLAND.

[*From a London Paper.*]

LAWYERS.—State of the *Case*.—B. alias Bonaparte, threatens *Assault* and *Battery*.—J. Bull enters *Action*.—B. delays to appear—J. B. *declares* for speedy *Issue*.—B. *demurs*—*Trial*, in consequence, postponed—*Opinion*—That Bonaparte dreads *Verdict*, *Judgment* and *Execution*.

PHYSICIANS—Every *sympton* of Invasion *prognosticates death* positive to the foe.

APOTHECARIES—The enemy will get salt-water *potions*—fulminating *powders*, and leaden *pills*. N. B. "Prescription prepared *secundum artem*."

Historical PAINTERS—It will afford a noble subject for British Artists.—In the *foreground*, Britannia seated in a triumphal car, crowned by Freedom and Valor—Surrounded by her Victorious Legions.—In near *perspective*, her all glorious Navy—in the *back-ground*, the *Invaders* prostrate.

MUSICIANS—'Twill produce an infinity of *quavers* and *shakes* to French Performers, and to *Dutch* too should they join in *concert*.

PLAYERS—Portends a tragical *Exit* to its *Actors*.

GAMESTERS—It stands upon the *hazard* of a *die*.

ARCHITECTS—'Twill shake the whole *building* of the *Gallic Republic* to its *foundation*.

COOKS—It will show the superiority over *soup meagre*, of—"*O the roast beef of Old England!*"

AUCTIONEERS—Our navy will have to dispose of a *Lot* of a thousand French gun-boats, &c.—"Agoing—agoing!—*Gone!*"

Philadelª, *May* 5, 1804.

LITERARY.

From a late London Paper.

IT has long been lamented by the literary world, that the celebrated author of *Clarissa*, and *Grandison* had forbidden his correspondence to be published in the life time of his children, unless they should be obliged to resort to them as a source of fortune. The recent death of Mrs. *Ann Richardson*, of Stafford, in Suffolk, having removed the force of that injunction, those interesting remains are now about to meet the public eye, through the medium of Mr. *Phillips*, who we understand has given Mr. *Richardson's* descendants twelve hundred guineas for the manuscripts.

MARRIED—On Saturday evening last, by Philip Peltz, esq. Mr. *Joseph Ash*, to Miss *Frances Pearose*, both of Southwark.

——On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Shmit, Mr. *Abraham Eckbart* to Miss *Elizabeth Bischell*, both of this city, but late of Germany.

——On Saturday evening last, at Baltimore, by the Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. *Noble Luke Usher*, to Mrs. *Harriot Anna Snowden*, both of the New Theatre (Philadelphia.)

DIED—On the 3d ult. at Monticello, Mrs. *Eppes*, second daughter of Thomas Jefferson, Esq.

——On the 17th January last, on board the ship Indus, Mr. *William Hart*, of this city.

To Correspondents.

The editor hopes *E—'s* communication which so amply fills the poetic page of this number, is the prelude to a continued correspondence.

Agricola's reflections, came too late for this number, but shall be attended to next week.

Correspondents are informed, that the letter box continues in the usual place, which is *not far from the post office.*

CLARKSON.

*** Persons holding subscriptions for *Clarkson's Essay on Slavery*, are requested to forward them as soon as possible, as the work will be ready for delivery in a few days.

TERMS OF THE REPOSITORY.

To subscribers in the city who pay monthly, 25 cents for every 4 numbers....to those who pay half yearly in advance, 3 *dollars* per vol.

To distant subscribers 3 *dollars* per annum, payable in advance.

The 2d & 3d vols. may be had at 3 *dollars* per vol. unbound, (if bound, the price of binding will be added.)

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A DEFENCE OF FASHION.

PLEASED as the warbling tribe, melodious hails
The morn, and wakes to cheerful raptures all
Their songs of love, when heaven's bright shining orb
Resumes his splendid robe, and smiles benign;
Pleased as the warbling tribe when morning smiles,
My faithful muse, true to her task assign'd,
Grasps the impartial pen, to blast the wretch
That with malicious joy, and selfish sport,
Dares to insult the fashion-favour'd fair.

Goddess of love, and all the graces hear!
Your cause I now espouse, on you I trust,
Be all your charms display'd, and cheerful smile
To make the rugged road I freely tread
An easy path; and from your spacious store
Well suited arms supply, to meet the wretch
That scorns your pleasing pow'r and dares defy
The force of beauty, or the strength of love.

Detested foe of nature's purest joy,
Whose guilty pen deep dipt in vengeful gall,
Displays the malice rankling at thy heart,
Against the weaker sex; unmanly thou!
Unmanly too thy triumph and thy joy!
For joys like thine, to self alone confined,
Consumes its votary in the partial blaze!
While the bright sun of fashion beams around
And agriculture and our country feels
The genuine glow, and owns the sovereign balm!
The gems and luxuries of distant shores,
Wafted in ships across the raging main,
Here finds exchange for what our lands produce.
Repeated change of fashion will command
The life of trade, and cause that trade to thrive:
Awhile the heads high tow'ring seem to vie
With Allegheny hills seen from afar!
Anon reduced to common size again,
With scarce a cov'ring but the auburn hair,
Or frizzel'd wig to shield the razor'd pate:
The large circumference of a spacious hoop,
Was once the pride and fashion of the day!
And many intervening changes, since
Have been: Behold the dress of beauty now!
How great the contrast! but how just the change;
Loose muslin covering, scarcely hides the limbs,
Or if the limbs are hid, the shape is seen,
All lovely form'd and fit to be revered!
Shall man imperious monster, clothe himself
To shape his rugged form as nature framed?
And shall not nature's better work appear?
Man is not man without this better part,
And but for women men were brutes indeed,
E'en Eden could not please till woman came!

Hail favour'd fair! 'tis thine to temper man,
To prune his overgrowth and make him blest;
Nature demands thy aid, and thou obey'st,
And must obey; what nature bids is just!
And nature bids improve heav'n's choicest gift.
Behold yon sparkling orbs that grace the sky,
Rolling amidst immeasurable space,
Brightning majestic, and revolving on,
Fit ornaments for heaven's imperial arch!
And thou light-beaming sun! giver of day,
Whose fertile, cheering rays, darting around
Refulgent light, and kindly teeming heat;
The pregnant earth, thy genial pow'rs confess,
And bursting into birth, on every side
Spontaneous yields its rich abundance,
And in luxuriant beauty cheerful smiles;
Her richest robe all-bounteous nature wears,
And freely yields from flower shrub or tree
A grateful fragrance and the choicest fruit;
And these the works of heaven's eternal king!
"Let there be light!" was heaven's great command;
And light from darkness came, and chaos fled,
And in its room this beauteous world appear'd,
With woman, fairest of a work so fair!
'Tis her's t' improve the person heaven gave
Whose great example in its other works
Is sweet encouragement to persevere:
The vivid fire from the eye of beauty
Subtle as lightning pierces to the quick,
Steals o'er the hero's heart, and pulls him down,
Disarms his stubborn soul, and bids him love;
The lovely cheeks, ruddy as opening morn,
Defy the rose and claim superior sweets;
The breath of beauty o'er the damask lip,
Like the soft ev'ning gale o'er beds of flow'rs
Diffuses life and joy and gladness round:
Is nature then thus lavish of her gifts,
And shall not art improve on nature's plan?
Nature and art unite their pow'rs to please,
And on each grateful fair their aid bestow.

Avaunt! ye peevish souls, that have outlived
Your charms, or ne'er possess'd the power to please,
Dare you expect where cheerful beauty smiles
A calm surrender of those arms of love?
Shall beauty slight what virtue freely gives?
Despise herself to please those frozen dames,
And in oblivion her existance shroud
To pass unnoticed thro' the crowded streets,
And in the world obscurely end her days?
Oh! may she rather strive, by ev'ry aid
T' improve her charms; to soften man she's form'd,
She hears with pleasure nature's call and heeds.
Behold the stately form in which she moves!
Superior lustre added to her charms
While o'er her brow, rich gems and diamonds shine.

Hail conquering beauty! softner of our toils,
The lover's play-thing, and the soldier's balm!
For thee what mighty chiefs were made to bleed!
For thee the hero fought, and kiss'd the dust,
Shook hands with death, and made the earth his bed!
For thee the Trojan youth, old *Priam*'s son,
Enraptured with the charms of *Helen* fair;
Spite of the danger that stood round the prize;
Fearless despised an injured husband's vengeance,
Buoy'd up by thee he made the bold attempt,
And snatch'd the willing fair one to his arms;
Whilst the great soul of doating *Menalaus*
Was fill'd with rage, revenge and jealous ire.
And thence ensued a long and bloody war,
Where chiefs to chiefs opposed in dread array,
And horrid clash of arms from rugged ranks
Of Grecian vet'rans and the strength of Troy
Surprised the then known world————.
What deeds of glory spread their banners round!
What honour'd deaths and deathless fame were won!
Laurels of bloody glory drench'd the plains!

There mighty *Hector*, prince and chief of Troy,
Dealt death, and deathful deeds amidst his foes,
Till piles of Grecian chiefs opposed his way!
There fierce *Achilles* bounded to the fight,
And many Trojans strew'd the ensanguined field;
Rude havoc thicken'd as he urged on,
While ranks on ranks opposed themselves in vain;
Opposed, but met the death they meant to give.
Each army well maintain'd the dubious fight,
Each in its turn successive laurels gain'd
Till weak'ned by repeated, fierce attacks,
The chiefs of Troy but weak resistance gave,
While Grecian heros seized the kindling torch,
Apply'd the flame, and soon was beauteous Troy
With all its hopes enveloped in a blaze,
And glory lost in undistinguish'd ruins.

Fashion hath pow'r o'er the beauteous fair;
Beauty and fashion, o'er the mind of man;
Awakening all his rage, his passions foam,
And all the fury of a madman burns!
Then desp'rate deeds ensue and direful ills:
Anon the conquering fair complaisant smiles,
And all is calm again, and sweet repose;
How oft the conquerer of a dangerous foe,
Led by the painted charms, and flowing robe;
The dress of fashion, and the pow'r of love
Yields all his laurels to such arms as these,
And by a well dress'd *Delilah* is shorn!
Think of the mighty *Anthony* of Rome,
Secure from *Cæsar* and a world in arms,
Kneel'd like a slave to Egypt's spangled queen!
His arms were brandish'd o'er a hostile world
He lost in list'ning to her syren tongue!

Beauty, with art to aid its soft'ning pow'rs,
By adding lustre to its native charms,
Hath pow'r the doors of commerce to unbar,
T' invite its golden stores from distant parts,
To bid Old Ocean smile with whitening sails,
Wafting along its billow-foaming deep,
The wealth of nations to our peaceful shores,
Filling the public funds with large imposts.
To freedom's sons adorned beauty gives
A martial glow, and fires their souls for war,
When British rage assail'd our happy land,
Unfurl'd her vengeful flag, and bade, submit!
Ah then! not by the strength of arms alone,
We conquer'd; aided by the smiles of love,
Our youthful heroes felt the sacred flame,
And with redoubled ardour, to preserve,
Their country's dearest rights, to arms they flew!

Virtue by fashion aided, smiles secure;
Fashion, the aid of beauty and of love
Exalts its votary with superior grace,
And stamps a consequence before unknown,
Giving a spur to all the joys of life!
How envious then the slander must appear
Of him, who knows not to be pleased himself,
Condemns the pleasing joys that others feel!
That fain would fix his standard for the fair,
An openly support the ungenerous charge.
That where a love of fashion doth prevail
The female mind is lost to virtuous love;
And from the paths of wisdom's ways estrang'd!
That vice and fashion are connected things!
This to declare is easy! hard to prove!
Th' effect once known, the cause is quickly solv'd,
For still within the circumscribed bounds
Of the disdainful wretch's frozen breast,
Where genial warmth emits no social ray,
Whose sterile nature knows not to enjoy
The pleasure that congenial souls entwine,
The monkish poison lurks! And from their source,
Thro' tainted optics views the bliss of life,
Mistakes the theme, by maniac vision led,
See's virtue vice, and vice mistakes for virtue!

All pow'rful fashion! wonderous are thy ways!
Within the female breast how great thy charms,
And how extensive are those charms display'd!
It grows where freedom dwells, and smiles to bless,
Extends where tyrants rule its pitying eye;
Not selfish, nor confined to time or place,
But friends and foes, alike with fashion pleased:
Warm from the liberal heart secure it flows,
Luxuriant rising o'er each threat'ning surge,
While mighty waters rise and roar in vain;
Amidst the tempest's desolating rage
Beauty and fashion ride unquench'd, unhurt!
'Tis their's to stem the torrent of abuse;
To climb the craggy precipice, and dare
Above the little arts that others seek;
And may they meet a pleasing just reward.

Pursue you fair the pleasure-beaten path,
Where none but daring souls like yours are seen;
Nor let the threats of envious minds disturb
The genuine joy which ever active flows
From Beauty in the fashion gaily dress'd.

E——.